

wider hope, warmer love, and no less poetry. Beyond the melancholy prospect, the hoot of the owl in the ivy-mantled tower, the sunset clang of the curfew-bell, the receding vision of physical objects along the "glimmering landscape," he would have looked with the eye of faith, and charity would have prompted him to utter a prayer for the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" here sleeping. It is the one warm dash of color needed, and it is omitted. The Reformation deprived literature of a perfect Christian poem. It gave us, instead, a great poem, certainly, but one little removed in sentiment from a pagan classic. The same may be urged against Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

The Catholic custom of priest and people gathering in the cemetery and praying for the souls departed, on All Saint's Day, is one of mournful and solemn beauty. Its pathos and tenderness are indistinguishable. Here, amid the dead, stand priest and people praying that their souls, through the mercy of God, may have peace and rest. All the Church's doctrines are true, all her ceremonies beautiful, yet, to us, this seems the holiest, tenderest of any. There are many Catholic poets, yet, which of them has embalmed this beautiful custom into worthy verse? But, if it finds scant place in Catholic literature, there can be small question of the place it holds in the Catholic heart. To the pious Catholic heart, to the pious Catholic, it is the holiest

holyday of the year—the day on which in the mellow November afternoon, he goes out among his dead, and kneels beside their tombs, and prays that their souls may have peace. Here kneels wife praying for her husband, for mother, father, sister, brother, or departed child; there, some ancient patriarch, soon himself to pass into another life, praying for his dead, the priest praying for all—and where can tenderer, holier, more pathetic scene be found? That there is a Middle State, where souls that do not deserve eternal death are purified and prepared for entrance into heaven, that they are all helped by prayer to God in their behalf, by alms given to the poor, by Masses for their release—these are the tenderest and most consolingly beautiful of all Catholic truths. It is the month devoted to the dead; let us bring them consolation through appeals in their behalf. In "The Passing of Arthur," Tennyson rises to a lofty and affecting height in making the King, wounded unto death, call back to Sir Bedivere, as he departs in words which we may, each one, consider as rising from our dead to us:

"but thou—

If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer
Than this world dreams of; wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day . . .
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."



IN MEMORIAM.

"Blessed are they that die in the Lord."

The sad news of the death of Miss Mary Jane Harper has just reached the INDIAN ADVOCATE. Born in the state of New York, she spent most of her life in Brooklyn with her sister, Eliza-

beth, where she was well known as a promoter of all good and charitable works.

Endowed with a very refined nature and a truly religious soul, she was ever